*Prin.* Come hither, Frances. *Fran.* My Lord.

*Prin.* How long haſt thou to ſerue, Frances?

*Fran.* Forſooth, fiue yeeres, and as much as to.

*Po.* Frances.

*Fran.* Anon, anon ſir.

*Prin.* Fiue yeere, berlady a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter; but Frances, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

*Fran.* O Lord ſir, ile be ſworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

*Poin.* Frances. *Fran.* Anon ſir.

*Prin.* How old art thou, Frances?

*Fran.* Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhall be.

*Poin.* Frances.

*Fran.* Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little my Lord.

*Prin.* Nay but harke you Frances, for the ſugar thou gaueſt me, t'was a penie worth, was't not?

*Fran.* O Lord, I would it had bin two.

*Prin.* I will giue thee for it, a thouſand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

*Poin.* Frances. *Fran.* Anon, anon.

*Prin.* Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or Frances a Thurſday; or indeed Frances when thou wilt. But Frances.

*Fran.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Wilt thou rob this leatherne Ierkin, criſtall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, ſmooth tongue, ſpaniſh pouch?

*Fran.* O Lord ſir, who doe you meane?

*Prin.* Why, then your browne baſtard is your onely drinke? for looke you Frances, your white canuas doublet will ſulley. In Barbary ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

*Fran.* What ſir? *Poin.* Frances.

*Prin.* Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call.

*Here they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What, ſtandſt thou ſtil, and hearſt ſuch a calling? looke to





to the gheſts within. My Lord, old ſir Iohn with halfe a d
more are at the doore, ſhall I let them in?

*Prin.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore:

*Poi.* Anon, anon ſir. *Enter Poines.*

*Prince.* Sirra, Falſtalffe and the reſt of the theeues are
doore, ſhall we be merry?

*Poi.* As merry as Crickets, my lad, but harke ye, what cu
match haue you made with this ieſt of the Drawer? come,
the iſſue?

*Prin.* I am now of all humours, that haue ſhewed them
humours ſince the old dayes of goodman Adam, to the
age of this preſent twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a c
Frances?

*Fran.* Anon, anon ſir.

*Prin.* That euer this fellowe ſhould haue fewer words
a Parrat, & yet the ſonne of a woman. His induſtrie is vp
and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning
not yet of Percies minde, the Hotſpur of the North, he th
me ſome ſixe or ſeuen douzen of Scots at a breakefaſt, w
his handes, and ſayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I
worke. O my ſweet Harry ſaies ſhe! how many haſt thou
to day? Giue my Roane horſe a drench (ſayes hee) and
ſwers ſome fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a triffle. I pr
call in Falſtalffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde brawne
play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rino* ſaies the drunkard: c
Ribs, call in Tallow.

*Enter Falſtalffe.*

*Poi.* Welcome Iacke, where haſt thou bene?

*Falſ.* A plague of al cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too,
ry and Amen: giue me a cup of ſacke boy. E're I lead th
long, ile ſow neather ſtocks, and mend them, & foote them
A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of ſacke, rogue, is t
no vertue extant? *he drinketh.*

*Prin.* Didſt thou neuer ſee Titan kiſſe a diſh of butter, p
harted Titan that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſonnes? if
didſt, then behold that compound.